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THE TRIBUNE

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TRIBUNE. Letters from Italy No. XXI.

Foreign Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribuna.

THE LADIES OF ITALY AND THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK. "THE black-eyed Beauties of Italy-The Blue Heavens of Italy!" Who has not heard these rivers and filled with radiant, passionate creatures? At another time I shall contrast the climates. At present, reversing the rules of rhetoric, I take the most interesting objects first; and as to these they are, and very pretty withal-yet, like many other things in this world, they appear much better when dreamed about, with 4,000 miles of ocean between us, than when looked upon in 'propria persona.' And it is not the partiality one naturally feels for his country women that govone. Walk on a pleasant day at the promenading hour from the Astor House to Bleecker-street, and you shall see more beautiful women than you will find in any Italian city, though you walk it more inclined to look on every thing in this once glorious land in a more romantic light than myself. It was the land of my early dreams-the had gone from her cheek and the light from her one bright vision in all my scholar's life, and when its blue hills rose on my view I felt like the pilgrim, as he catches the first glimpse of the Prophet's Tomb from afar. Yet the truth ' maun be said.'-Perhaps one would see more beauty were the young ladies permitted to appear more in society. The foolish custom of shutting them married off by their parents, still prevails. It is, especially in Tuscany. If my letters to you during the Carnival had not been lost, you would claims of Italian women to superior beauty. Yet American traveler, who has the leisure and opportunity to move among the higher classes of Italy. Genoa has been regarded from time immemorial as the most celebrated of all Italian cities. for the beauty of its women. In that city I reclass of society. Being an invited guest to all the large assemblies and soirces of the nobility, I had every opportunity of sceing its society in its most brilliant coloring. I shall never forget my disappointment at the first great soirce I attended in Italy. It was at the old Doge's Palace in Genoa. As I entered through the grand gatearms, and passed through the long line of ' Portatine,' or sedan chairs, arranged on each side of ficent marble steps, amid the presenting of arms, into the entrance chamber, filled with liveried servants, I expected to be dazzled with such an array of beauty as never before blessed the eye of man-unless it was King Solomon in the midst of his Harem. Indeed my accustomed self-confidence was fast oozing out, and I have no doubt I should have committed some blunder had not our good Antonio, like a capital valet as he was, done every thing in its proper time. I first entered a large saloon, and, lo! it was filled to sought the reason of this difference, and can see overflowing with nothing but officers in their uniform. I wandered on till I came to the 'ladies' statuary continually before them, and hence enroom,' and it is no more sad than true, there was | deavor to assimilate themselves to them; wherenot a really pretty woman in it. I must acknowl. as our fashionables have no models except those edge, however, there were not many present. The | French stuffed figures in the windows of millin-Governor, whether he noticed my disappointment, er's shops. Why if an artist should presume to or wished to be civil, I know not, said, "You must | make a statue with the shape that seems to be come next Monday evening; this is a 'conver- regarded with as the perfection of harmonious sazione,' and there are but a few ladies here-Monday evening we have a Ball, and there will be more present." Just then a beautiful creature ladies the world over, that they will practically swept into the room, and the Baroness of Lwas announced. As she saluted the Governor they should be made better than Nature herself. and passed on, he whispered to me, "A very In another letter I shall speak of the manners of beautiful woman." "Very beautiful," I replied, at the same time drawing a long breath like one relieved from a long suspense. But she was a Russian Baroness on a visit to the Governor, and not an I'alian. I need not say that the next Monday I did not go. Indeed his soirces, which were twice a week during Carnival, I found so excessively stupid, that unless I was sure of some extra attraction, I seldom attended. My next disappoinment was in one of the smaller and select circles of one of the first nobles in the Kingdom. Of him I shall have more to say hereafter. At his 'villetta' I met the pleasantest society I have seen abroad. I was there almost every week, and yet never saw but one lady that could be called beautiful, and she had the blue eye and light hair and rosy hue of the Saxon race. One night at an unusually brilliant assembly at the Palace of the Governor, as I was standing amid a group of officers, I caught a view of a head and face that drew from me an involuntary exclamation. There was a beauty and glory about it I never had soon but once in my life before; but no one could tell me who she was or where she came from; yet all looked as if they would give the world to know.

At length seeing her seated in familiar conversa-

tion beside a lady with whom I was acquainted.

I soon pierced the mystery that surrounded her.

You can guess my surprise and pleasure to learn

that this beauty was of American origin. She

was the daughter of Lord Erskine. Minister to

lady, who, it seems, had transmitted the charms

that had enthralled the noble kerd to the daugh-

ter. You can judge of the effect of American

OFFICE NO. 160 NASSAU-STREET.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1843.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

WHOLE NO. 785.

THE WARRIOR BY AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH. VOL. III. NO. 164. I stood by her, the young nobles marched by in regular platoons, and paused as they came opposite her, and gozed as if moon-struck. The radiant creature sat 'quite unconscious of all this of course,' as the lady sitting by her side not very amiably whispered to me. It is but just to say, however, that at some of the more magnificent Balls and Soirees there was a very fair collection of beauty. At the annual Ball given by the Governor at his Palace, there were many beautiful women. At that time alone, during the whole year, unless in Court, do the nobility wear the family jewels. On this night they are all exhibited on the necks, heads and arms of the matrons and their daughters. It makes a perfect blaze of diamonds. The nobility of Genoa is among the richest of Italy, for the wealth the crusades opened exclamations? and that, too, in contrast with our to them in the East is still gathered here. Such own beautiful women and clear atmosphere until a profusion of ornament I never beheld. There, he has dreamed of a sunny land wreathed with for the first time, I saw the belle of the city-the Marchioness of Balbi. I was glad to see what the Italians regarded as beauty, and she also had the light complexion and rosy checks of the Saxon race. She was beautiful-very, but of that dark-eyed beauties-dark-eyed enough though kind of beauty I do not particularly admire; it was, what I would term, of the doll kind. But oh, such spirits, and such a dazzling quantity of diamands; one almost needed to shield his eyes to look on her. The value of them was variously estimated, but the lowest which a very calculat. ing Italian gave me was a hundred thousand dolerns me when I say that the beautiful women lars. But even her diamonds could not outshine with us stand to them in the proportion of five to the sparkling joy of her countenance. I never saw a being float so through a saloon, as if her body was a feather and her soul the zephyr that floated it. It made me sigh to look on her. Such abounding gayety-such thrilling mirth !- I knew the entire day. I am sure that no one could be it could not last; this world was not made for it. The next time she was in deep mourning, with her head bowed down like a bulrush. The bloom eve. She vanished from the gay world like a stricken bird. Her brother, the Marquis of Palavacini-one of the noblest young men I ever met -liberal in his feelings and handsome in his person-the pride and hope of his family-suddenly died. I saw him last at the Marquis di Negro's. As I bade him good evening I was struck with up in convents, occupied with their studies, until | the expression of his countenance : it had a look so intensely anxious that it fixed my attention. however, losing somewhat of its ancient force, This was Friday evening.-Sabbath morning a mutual friend called on me and told me he was dead! But I have run into a more serious mood have been able to judge yourself somewhat of the than I anticipated. At the Cassino, which is simply a collection of noblemen who give three take a little of my experience and disappointment | Balls during the winter in a Palace devoted to in this matter, as a specimen of what awaits the | that purpose, I have often met the entire beauty of the upper classes of the city; and although there were many pretty women, yet the average of beauty was very low. For, with fourteen rooms thrown open, and all so crowded that one could hardly move, one would expect some beauty sided five months, and mingled freely in every | in any country. In Naples and Rome I have not had the same opportunities, as I have been in them during Lent, when Balls, and large Soirees and gaveties are unknown. But still I have not been without facilities; and if national beauty is worth being proud of, we can boast over Italy -that is, in our women; I wish I could say as much of the men. It is not so easy to decide on way, guarded by soldiers with their glittering the peasantry; they differ so much in different portions. Sometimes you may travel all day and see nothing but the ugliest faces, and you wonder the walk, from which were emerging closely how nature could have gone so awry in every they may be said to have been squeezed out, they veiled figures, and ascended the long and magni- instance; and then again in another province you see at every step the beautiful eve and lash, and flexible brow, and laughing face of your true Italian beauty. In form the Italians excelus. Larger,

> UNITARIAN CONVENTION .- A General Convention of Unitarian Clergymen was recently held at Providence, R. I. The following resolutions, after an interesting debate, were unanimously adopt-

no other than that the Italians have their glorious

proportion, he would be laughed out of the city.

It is a standing objection against the taste of our

assert that a French Milliner understands how

the Italian ladies, which is the real cause of the

preference given them by all travelers.

ed by the Convention: 1. Resolved, That there is an imperious call upon our nomination for a clear and earnest statement of our dismetive doctrines, and an argent application of them to prac-

2. Resolved, That, as the spirit of reverence is so little cherished in our land, d votion should have a more promi-nent place in public worship and personal culture.

Resolved, That there is need of more united action in our churches, especially among our men.

4. Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of our be

oved brethren, Greenwood, Ware and others, and sympa hise with the grief of their families, we render thanks to Almighty God for the power of their lives and the worth of their memories.

5. Resolved, That the Rev. Dr. Dewey, of New-York, Rev. Messrs. Lothrop, of Boston, and Folsom, of Haver-hill, be a Committee to fix the time and place of next meet

6. Resolved, That believing in the Christian Church as an organized communion of believers, we deem that new interest should be awakend in its peculiar ordinance.

MURDERER ARRESTED .- We learn from the Otawa, Ill. Free Trader that a man named George Thompson ias been arrested in that place for the murder of a Miss Cath arine Hamlin in Sandusky Co. Ohio, about sixteen months since. He had been arrested once or twice before, but effected his escape. Since his confinement in jail he has con-

IF The steamer Constitution at Chicago on the 9th reports the schooner Albany, which was on her way United States he married a beautiful Philadelphia safely landed, and there was a probability that the schooner would be got off.

Two soldiers belonging to the Royal Canadian Rifles stationed at Amberstburg, U C. were drowned by the upsetting of a sance, recently, while on a sporting expedition beauty on the Italians when I tell you that while to Riviere as Cassed.

WHEN of old the daring Knight Sought the foe on battle-field, Firm he donned his armor bright-Seized the spear and raised the shield. Hurtling arrows filled the air: Lances shiv'ring flew around; Old and and young, and brave and fair,

Bleeding, sought the purple ground!

Foremost in the battling crowd, Speeds the steel-clad warrior by: Rings the clamor wild and loud, Thicker still the arrows fly.

On his breast the lances shiver-Fast their swords the formen wield, And the arrows, broken, quiver, Falling, harmless, from his shield! Thus may'st thou an image find, Leaning on Life's battle-field, Armor round thy limbs to bind,

Seizing firm a trusty shield. Man an errant warrior is, Death-ward fighting bold his way Rocks among, and Wilderness, Or where pleasant valleys lay!

Wouldst thou ever victor be, O'er thyself, and o'er the world, Press thou onward valiantly, Where the lance and dart are hurled!

Bind thy limbs in armor sure; View with care the battle-field; From thy soul by watching pure, Seize a bright and trusty shield! Then in vain shall arrows fly; Spears shall shiver on thy breast; With a bright, unflinching eye,

May'st thou win the warrior's rest!

'The Present.'

Norneich, N. Y.

Mr. Channing's new Monthly has reached its econd number, and is as heartily deserving the approbation of the virtuous and philanthropic as his warmest admirers could desire. We have had no Literary work hitherto which so happily blended the Religious spirit, utterly devoid of sectism, with a profound, intelligent and active Philanthropy. The spirit in which the great question of a Social and Industrial Reform is discussed in its pages must commend that subject to the favorable attention of many who are repelled by more methodical and scientific statements. We make room for one article from the new number:

Two years have elapsed, since this man Prince made his appearance above the chaos of London, and yet no American publisher has thought of putting his poems to press-nay, worse than that, no American Review has thought it worth while to tell us of his existence. We admit that American publishers are not bound to reprint every thing that makes its appearance in London, indeed, that American Reviews are not bound to notice every thing of that sort; but, at the same time, we must say, that many things escape the eye of both that it would have been well for them to seize. Here, for instance, is an unpretending volume of poems which deserve some attention. Apart from the extraordinary history of the author, (to which we shall refer,) apart from the singular circumstances of suffering under which have merit enough in themselves to pay one for their perusal. In truth, when we come to think of it we consider the fact, that we have not before heard of this man here, pretty strong evidence that our literature is not properly watched fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and over or cared for; but, unfortunately, evidence bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should is not needed on that point. Why has not some sagacious publisher, or some quarterly reviewer, persist in that ridiculous notion that a small waist or some able editor let us know of the claims and is, and per necessita, must be beautiful. Why whereabouts of this John Critchley Prince? We an Italian lady would cry for vexation if she postake it hard that they have allowed us to remain sessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire. in ignorance so long. only by the longest, painfullest process. I have

As no other, then, has come forward to introduce the stranger to American readers, we shall volunteer the duty ourselves; glad in having the opportunity of so agreeable a chaperonship.

Let us, then, say in the outset, that we look upon him as altogether one of the most surprising phenomena that have recently crossed our literary horizon. He is one of the rarest instances of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."-No better exemplification than he could be found. of the miserable unfitness, of the discordancy and despotism, of the radical viciousness of our modern modes of social organization. His life has been one continued and perilous struggle for bread. Society, when he only asked it for fish, has given him a scorpion. Able to work and willing to work, with strong muscles, and a heart full of all good sensibilities, he has yet wandered over the earth like an outcast. There is scarcely a brute horse, in his native land, who has had a harder time of it, in his pinched and precarious existence, than this full-grown, noble-souled man.

This is abundantly shown by a brief "sketch of the author's life," prefixed to his volume, and which we intend to avail ourselves of, in what we

Prince was born at Wigan, a small town of Lancashire, England, on the 21st of June, in the year 1808. He is therefore, now, thirty-five years of age. His father made reeds for weavers, out of the scanty pittance received for which, he endeavored to rear a family of several children .-We say he endeavored; for it does not appear that he succeeded in that laudable purpose, that he did accomplish, at all times, the getting them victuals and clothes for the body, and much less spiritual food for the mind. They grew up, accordingly, so far as he was concerned, without education, save that which is derived from hunger and hard work. Yet the mother, good soul, an intelligent and industrious woman," contrived, in the midst of her destitution, to instil good principles into their minds, and to provide them occasionally with a seat in the Baptist Sabbath School. One of them, John, the subject of our present writing, seemed to have a natural appetite for books. He learned his letters almost by intuition, and was soon able to devour every printed thing that came in his way. Every leisure moment, that the rigorous exactions of an apprenticeship to the trade of his father allowed him, was devoted to the pursuit of learning. Nor was he always suffered to indulge himself, even during these snatches of time; since he often exto that port with about 120 emigrants, ashore on the reef perienced harsh treatment at the hands of the the Court of Vienna. When Minister to the known as the Snows, near Macinac. They had all been same parent, for what was supposed to be his incorrigible and pernicious idleness. In the solicoverlid, creep stealthily down stairs, and, by the let him out, his bedfellow was dead!" family were in bed, he would steal from under his

. Hours with the Muses, by John Critchley Prince Seq

cond edition London, 1842.

Robinson Crusoe.

which he perused with an indescribable intensity and heart were filled with the beautiful and touching romances and legends of his fatherland. These he was accustomed to recite with the enthusiasm of a poet, and they awoke in the bosom of Prince, now become his inseparable companion in nightly wanderings over the hills, all those indefinite yearnings and aspirations which are the source of poetry. The old man, too, had seen much of the world; he had been in different armies; he had conversed with philosophers; he had stored his mind from books; and he was able to temper the enthusiasm of his youthful disciple with lessons of wisdom and virtue. But, while his inward life was thus ministered to, his condi-

Once more, his father, tormented by pecuniary difficulties, made an effort to escape them by removing to Hyde, a village eight miles distant from Manchester. It was a vain attempt; for the existence of the family dragged on as before, amid accumulating causes of disappointment and anguish. The times, to use a commercial phrase, were bad; there was little or no employment to be had for the poor; the mouths to be fed and the backs to be clothed were multiplying; and, altogether, the world had a most forbidding and disastrous look for that household. Add to this, a piece of imprudence of which John was guilty, and the sum of their misery is complete. In 1826, when under nineteen years of age, by no means a proficient in his trade, and still an apprentice to his father, he contracted an attachment for a woman even poorer than himself, and married. Poor fellow, he was induced to do so, in the hope of making a happy home for himself; his own having become intolerable! He appears to have chosen a wife of excellent qualities, but alas! where were they to lodge, and how to be fed? These were questions which neither of them could readily answer; yet they managed to "share the curse" until a year or two brought them children, and with them, again, the want of bread. What to do now, Prince did not know. Work, which so many fly from, would have been to him a rare privilege.

tion, externally, was one of increasing poverty

It was said in the newspapers, this was about 1830-that recent events had opened a way for artisans in France, and thither would Prince go. Leaving his wife and three children to provide for St. Quentin in Picardy. He walked to London, and thence to Dover. After a detention of five days, on account of the political troubles of those times, he finally made his way to the town to which he was to go. We can imagine how many anxious wishes must have filled his breast during that solitary journey-wishes cruelly destined to disappointment. In the interval since his departure from Hyde, the French Revolution had broken out, scattering terror over all France; Charles X. had been dethroned; Louis Philip elected king of the French; consternation prevailed on on all sides; and, of course, business of every kind, for the time, suspended. Prince could get no employment among manufactures disturbed by the agitations of civil war. All his trouble and time, spent on the long journey from his home, had been worse than wasted. He was now among strangers, without a penny in his pocket, without a friend to console him, without a house to shelter his naked head. Whither should he fly? Must he sink down to the earth in despair, or make one more desperate effort for his starving wife and children? His noble spirit did not desert him in this extremity. All was not yet gone: for, there were his strong arms

He pushed forward to Mulhausen, on the upper Rhine, which was mentioned to him as a considerable seat of manufactures. Arriving there, he found that trade was little better than it had been in Picardy. The manufacturers were standing idle, and an unparalleled distress pervaded all classes of the working people. Alone, and among strangers whose language even he did not understand, his prospects grew gloomier than they were before; and being totally destitute of means to return home, for five protracted months he continued with starvation daily staring him in the face. Now and then the snatches of work yielded to him in charity, were all that kept him this side of the grave. Often, for two whole days together, did he wander about without a mouthful of food. A winter of unusual severity was fast coming on, when he resolved, if he must die, to die among his kindred and friends.

In January of 1831, he quited Milhausen for the purpose of walking to his home. What an undertaking was that? To walk through strange lands in the depth of winter, many hundred miles without a guide and without money, surely, required the soul of a hero! Prince was such a hero. In the midst of his privations and sufferings, his cheerfulness and his poetry did not desert him. Nay, he could even stop, at times, to admire the wonders of art and nature which are so thickly scattered along the regions of the Rhine. His imagination fed on the glories of those rich old countries; his piety warmed in their cathedrals and churches. He journeyed through Strasbourg, Rheims, Verdun, Chalons, begging his way as he went, and sleeping at night in hospitals and under sheds, until his feet, weary and sore, once more pressed the beach of Calais. There he was furnished with means, by the British consul, to

His heart grew buoyant with delight when he touched his native shore; the thoughts of once more seeing those who were dear to him, filled his mind with unspeakable ecstasy. Yet, in Eng. land his miseries may only be said have begun. The first night after his arrival," says the sketch. he applied for food and shelter at a work-house in Kent, and was thrust into a tumble-down garret, with the roof sloping to the floor, where he was incarcerated with twelve others, eight men and four women, chiefly Irish-the lame, the halt, and the blind. Some were in a high state of fever, and were raving for drink, which was denied to them; for the door was locked, and those outside, like the bare walls within, were deaf to their cries. Weary and way-worn, he lay down on the only vacant place amid the mass of misery at the back of an old woman, who appeared to be in a dying state; but he could get no rest for the groans of the wretched around him. Joyfully die he, indeed, hail the first beam of morning that tary hours of the night, when all the rost of the broke through the crannies of this chamber of famine and disease; and when the keeper came to

dim twilight of a "slacked" fire, give himself up | feet. He hurried, from the horrid precincts in to the enjoyment of the mysterious romances of which death had been his sleeping companion, Mrs. Radeliffe and the wonderful adventures of | toward London, which had now become the goal of his hopes. During the day, he begged from In 1821, when he was thirteen years of age, door to door for the sustenance that alone enabled his father was compelled, by his increasing em. him to pursue his course; at night, he lay in the barrassments, to remove from Wigan to Man. open fields, for the want of even a pallet of straw chester. At that place he procured a brief em. to receive his weary limbs. When he arrived at ployment, but was speedily forced to go to Stock. | the metropolis, he had been the whole day withport, whence distress again drove them to look out so much as a crumb. There was no one, in for work at Manchester. Two incidents only, all the mighty multitude of human beings, who worthy of note, befel young Prince during his was likely to give him enough to eat to keep him residence in the latter town. His first was, that alive one night. But a thought struck him! He Clay, which has just terminated, and knowing he met with a copy of the works of Lord Byron, had gone without his shoes; why could he not that a suit cannot be uninteresting to you or your also go without his waistcoat? It was a happy of excitement. But what was of more use to thought, considering all things, and away he posthim, at this time, was an accidental acquaintance | ed to Rag Fair, to sell the superfluous garment. formed with an old German soldier, whose head Once more he had money in his pocket, amounting, when all told, to just eightpence, about six. of his mighty eloquence, I will attempt to give teen red cents. A penny loaf, bought to relieve vou a short account of the trial. the instant demands of hunger, and four pennyworth of paper, to receive the thoughts which his outlook into God's universe at that time suggested, were the results of his first expenditure. How sweet that morsel of bread! How pleasant coal-heavers and the squalid sediment of London life? Not many, we think, in this world, have

> had such an experience. "But why waste the few pennies he had in buying paper, whereon to write a parcel of silly verses?" asks a worldly-wise man, who has funds to have saved them against the next fit of emptiness of the stomach." Granted! oh most worthy individual, for so the event proved. The poor fellow had fancied that he might write something which the publishers would buy; it was only a fancy. What would well-fed publishers have to do with a shoeless, coatless, hunger-stricken mechanic? The lean, haggard, joyless look of the famished bard were enough on that head; so no negotiation was entered into for the needed shilling. He was again left to wander along the busy streets. All around him he saw a profusion of wealth; magnificent houses, costly equipages, men and women, dressed in silks and velvets; the very dogs in the gutters more fat than he. But not a jot of this wealth existed for him; the exquisite gentlemen, who heedlessly jostly him from the pavement, perhaps reveled in it; the superfine lady, eying him with a curious stare from her gilt carriage, perhaps lavished a great portion of it on lap-dogs and favorite cats; yet he, a fellow and a man, the child of God, the heir of immortality, might not so much as lay a little finger on the smallest particle of the abundance. Fierce dragons, indeed, guarded the golden fruit of that Hesperides. Nay, more, he could not enter with impunity into one of those many thousand houses. An insuperable embargo kept him out of those sacred harbors; an invisible law of quarantine made him an infected outcast from society. The cold stones of gateways were his pillows; the hard, bare bricks his couch.

The third day he left London, to attempt to in these words: "On his route, he ground corn at Birmingham, sung ballads at Leicester, lay under the trees in Sherwood Forest, lodged in a vagrant office at Derby, made his bivouac at Bakewell in a 'lock-up,' and finally reached Hydo, but found, alas! it contained for him a home no longer!" While he had been suffering abroad, his wife and family had been suffering at home. The wretched woman, in spite of her persevering, never-ending exertions, was unable to support their children; she was forced, to avoid utter starvation, to apply for parish aid; and she had, in consequence, been removed to the poor-house in Wigan. Thither Prince hastened, and having discovered them, brought them back to Manchester, in the hope of getting employment. Here they inhabited a garret, without fire, clothes or furniture, for several months, until the poems of the father attracted the notice of some charitable persons, by whose aid they were published. He nas since been enabled to live in a more comfortable way; but we follow the history no further.

These were the circumstances of his life. And what effect have they had in moulding the man How have they taught him to regard this strange existence into which he has been cast! What thinks he of the men and things around him? and how has he come out of the battle? Here are questions of no small interest to those who wish to know the various phases of our many-sided humanity, and of the influence that external facts have upon it. In other words, what sort of music has this pressure and jostling ground out of the nature of Prince? We answer, a very tolerable and even pleasant kind of music. From out of the dark entanglements and pinching straits of his life-long distress, he has managed to send up strains of sweetness and hope. No heart-piercing wail, no gloomy mutterings, no bitter cursings come from him; but rather the subdued plaint of a manly heart touched by a sympathy for his fellows. He is joyful in the presence of Nature and God, and only sad when he looks at his debased and down-trodden brother. Yet he does not despair; an instinct of goodness fills him with

joyful hope for the future. Let it be understood, that Prince is not a great man, in the high sense of the word. He is not one of those robust spirits, who trample down the obstacles of fate with the firm tread of a giant. He is simply one that has not been overcome by evil. In the midst of so much that would have crushed feebler natures, he has retained his integrity. His spirit is unbroken by the rough and tumble of his carcer. Poverty has not corrupted him, nor has it made him much better than he would otherwise have been. The talent the Mas. ter gave him has been returned, without loss, it not with manifold increase. This will be seen from his poems, which we proceed to give an account of, as fully as our limits will allow. The longest of them is called 'The Poet's Sabbath, and embodies the feelings and reflections of a hard-worked man during his hebdomadal emancipation It is a production of no mean character. A quick sensibility to the influence of outward nature, a delicate faney, the love of freedom and meditation, a tender sympathy for man, are the qualities which it shows the author to possess in a high degree. We might say the same thing of other pieces, with, perhaps, even greater trnth, such as the 'Vision of the Future,' a glowing burst of prophetic enthusiasm; the 'Epistle to a Poet,' full of fine traits; and the 'Captive's Dream,' a touching narrative, mingled with noble lyrics. In the first of these we find this descrip-"Tis morn, but yet the full and cloudless moon

Pours from her swrry urn a chastened light:
"Tis but a little space beyond the noon--The still, delicious noon of Summer's night; Forth from my home I take an early flight, Down the lose vale pursue my devious way; Bound o'er the meadows with a keen delight, Brush from the forest leaves the dewy spray, And scale the toilsome steep to watch the kindling day.

The lark is up, disdainful of the earth, Exulting in his airy realm on high, His song, profuse in melody and muth, Makes vocal all the region of the sky The startled moor-cock, with a sudden le: him out, his bedfellow was dead!"

By this time, his shoes had worn out, so that the rest of his pilgrimage was made on his bare

The startled moor-cock, with a sudden cry,
Springs from beneath my feet; and as I pass,
The sheep regard me with an earnest eye,
Consing to his blood at the scanty grand.

And scour the barron waste in one tumultuous mass.

To hold communion with myself and Thre!

And though excess of beauty makes me dumb, My thoughts are eloquent with all I see; My foot is on the mountains-I am free, And buoyant as the winds that round me blow! My dreams are sunny as you pleasant lea, And tranquil as the pool that sleeps below; While, circling round my heart, a Poet's raptures glow. Trial of Cassius M. Clay-Speech of Henry Clay. Correspondence of The Tribune. LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 10th, 1843.

But lo, the stars are waning, and the dawn

And Nature smiles as fresh as if but newly born. God of the boundless Universe! I come

Blushes and burns athwart the east-behold,

The early sun, behind the upland lawn, Looks o'er the summit with a front of gold;

Back from his beaming brow the mists are rolled,
And as he climbs the crystal tower of morn,
Rocks, woods, and glens their shadowy depths unfold;
The trembling dews grow brighter on the thorn,

Messrs. Editors :- Not knowing that you have arrangements made for receiving early and accurate reports of the important trial between the Commonwealth of Kentucky and Cassius M. readers, where the Whig party and the powers of the Tyler dynasty are brought into collision, and around which Henry Clay has thrown the charm

With the particulars of the affray which gave rise to the present suit you are no doubt acquainted. It occurred on the 1st of August ult. at Russell's Cave, 7 miles from this city, between Casthat home of composition, in the midst of dingy sius M. Clay and Samuel Brown. This Sam Brown is a salaried officer of the Tyler Administration, (a Post-Office Agent for the Southern District.) who was at that time carrying out the principles of the Captain's non-interference circular by traveling about this County on an elecin the stocks. "It would have been much better | tioneering tour with Robert Wickliffe, (nephew of the Postmaster General,) who was the Tyler candidate for M. C. in opposition to Garret Davis, the regular Whig candidate. At the political meeting at Russell's Cave, Mr. Wickliffe was making a stump speech in his own behalf. In the speech he made some statements with reference to the proceedings of some other meetings in the country, which Mr. C. M. Clay knew to be incorrect, and which he politely begged leave of Mr. W. to rectify. Thereupon Mr. Sam. Brown, the Post-Office Agent, was exceeding wroth, (for so himself testified,) instantly bristled up to Mr. Clay, and told him his statements were not true. Mr. Clay exclaimed that they were true. The lie and the "damned lie" soon passed between them, and Mr. Brown attacked Mr. Clay with an umbrella, who defended himself with a whip he had in his hand, Mr. Wickliffe in the mean time cheering on his gallant defender, Mr. Brown, by exhorting him to "kill him, damn him." In the contest, Mr. Brown succeeded in getting the whip from Mr. Clay, and as he advanced upon him with it the latter drew a bowie knife and told him to stand off. Mr. Brown continued to approach, till he came within reach of the knife, when he received a blow from it over the head .-The bystanders, it seems, now made some efforts: to separate them, and did get them apart; but a find his way to Hyde. We shall not dwell friend soon handed Brown a six-barrel pistol and upon the 'incidents' of his 'travel.' His bio- told him to defend himself. Mr. B. commanded the crowd to get out of his way and let him shoot the "damned rascal." Other voices also exclaimed, " shoot the damned rascal." The crowd separated, and Mr. Brown drew his pistol at. Mr. Clay, who was about eight foot from him, endeavoring to distract his aim by rapidly moving back and forth. His aim, however, was skilful and precise, for the ball would have pierced the heart had not the sheath of his bowie-knife providentially interposed an effectual barrier .-Immediately after the discharge of the pistol, Mr. Clay closed upon his antagonist to prevent a second shot. He gave him several blows upon the head with the knife, nearly cutting off an ear and quite extinguishing an eye; after which they grappled and both came to the ground, and were soon after finally separated. Such are the essential facts of the affray, as

detailed by thirty or forty witnesses, to whose testimony I have listened. Now a word about the trial. At the instance of some body or bodies, with whom I have not now to do, who were actuated by motives upon which animadversion were waste of words, a bill of indictment was procured against Cassius M. Clay for assault and battery with intent to kill. The trial came on yesterday morning, (Oct. 9th,) at the Court-House in this city. After the empaneling of a Jury-which was a work of much difficulty, as nearly all had formed opinions or imbibed prejudices which disqualified them-a lengthy and nearly uniform routine of testimony was gone through with, the substance of which I have given above. At noon, to day, the testimony closed; and, on the re-assembling of the Court after dinner, Mr. Robertson, the Commonwealth's Attorney, opened the argument for the prosecution. Mr. R. is a very young man, -in my opinion too young for the station he holds,-but on this occasion he evinced not a little skill and acumen. Mr. Smith, a lawyer of eminence, followed on the part of the defence, and ably analyzed the evidence, and drew up his arguments. When he sat down there was silence in Court. A breathless stillness pervaded the dense mass that filled the house, till broken by that voice which has so often awakened listening silence into rapturous applause. HENRY CLAY needs but to rise, to bow, and to smile, and his audience are enchained .-He commenced his address to the jury by saying that more than fourteen years had elapsed since he last appeared before the bar of this Court as an advocate in a criminal prosecution. He then defended a young man who was indicted for the crime of murder and who was acquitted. What a change, said he, has come over the customs and practices of our country since that period. Wherefore I, though not over young in years, stand before you this day somewhat in the condition of a novice in pleading, and I ask at your hands the same forbearance and the same kindness which you would extend to a youthful aspirant after fame and reputation. But time and space forbid me to follow him through as I could wish. Sometimes he poured out the most indignant and bitter sarcasm on the despicable chicanery of Tyler and his minions, who, far from the fields of their official duties, were espousing the quarrels and urging on the interests of particular favorites, and then he led the understanding captive by the arguments he gathered from the testimony to prove that his client was innocent of the crime charged in the indictment. He spoke about an hour and a half, and was heard throughout with breathless interest, save when admiration and delight were too highly excited to be controlled by the restraints of a court of, ustice, and manifested themselves in enthusiastic notes of applause. Mr. Robertson then concluded his argument for the prosecution, and the jury retired. They needed no long space of time to mature their decision. but soon returned into Court with a verdict of Not Guilty. So endeth Capt. Tyler's unlucky experiment upon the gallant sons of Kentucky. Yours in truth, haste, &c.